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## THE HOLY LAND.

The Tenth of Dr. Talmage's Series on His Recent Journey.

His Experiences on the Lake Whose Waters Were Once Stilled by the Command of Christ.

The Text: "He Fatered into a Fhin, and Fat in the Seat and the Whole Multitude Was by the "ea on the Land."

Special to the Gazette. OUR SAIL ON LAKE GALILEE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 30 .- Dr. Talmage preached to-day the tenth of his series of sermons on his Palestine tour, describing his experiences on the lake whose waters were once stilled at sail, was a combination of wolf, reptile the command of Christ. The sermon, and byena. which was delivered in the Brooklyn Academy of Music in the morning and as usual repeated before an enormous audience at the Christian Herald service

in New York in the evening, was from the text: "He entered lute a ship, and sat in the sea; and the whole multitude was by the sea on the land. " Mark, 4:1. It is Monday morning in our Palestine experiences, and thasky is a blue Galilee above, as in the boat we sait the blue Galilee beneath. It is thirten miles long and six miles wide, but the atmosphere is so clear it seems as if I could east a stone from beach to beach. The lake looks as though it had been let down on silver pulleys from the heavens and were a section of the sea of glass that St. John

describes as a part of the celestial land-

scape. Lake Galilee is a depression of

600 feet in which the river Jordan widens

and tarries a little, for the river Jordan

comes in at the north side and departs

from its south side, so this lake has its CHADLE AND ITS GRAVE. Its white satin cradle is among the snow of Mount Hermon where the Jordan starts, and its sepulchre is the Dead Sea into which the Jordan empties. Lake Como of Italy, Lake Geneva of Switzerland, Lake Lomond of Scotland, Lake Winnipesaukee of America, are larger, but Lake Gulilee is the greatest diamond that ever dropped from the finger of the clouds, and, whether encemped on its banks as we were vesterday and worshipping at its crystal altars, or wading into its waves which make an ordinary bath solemn as a baptism, or now putting out upon its sparkling surface in a bont, it is something to talk about, and pray about, and sing about, until the ips with which we now describe it can

n lither talk, nor pray, nor sing.
As sometimes a beautiful child in a neighborhood has a half dozen pet bristles to wings. I would rather root names, and some of the neighbors call than fly. I like snout better than her by one name, and others by another, so this pet lake of the planet has a pro fusion of names. Ask the Arab as he goes by, what this sheet of water is, and he will call it Tapariyeh. Ask Moses of the Old Testument and he calls it Sea of Chinnereth. Ask Matthew and he calls it Sen of Gullice. Ask Luke and he calls it Sea of Gennesaret. Ask John and he calls it Sea of Tiberias. Ask Joseph and Eusebius, and they have other names ready. But to me it appears

A CHILD OF THE SKY. a star of the hills, a rhapsody of the mountains, the baptismal bowl of the world's temple, the smile of the great God. Many kinds of fish are found in bank, from those that grow in the torrid palm to the cedar.

Of the two hundred and thirty war waters-for Josephus was a warrlor as well as a historian-there remains not one piece of a hulk, or one patch of a canvas, or one splinter of an oar. But to return to America we never will until we have had a sail upon this inland sea. Not from a wharf, but from a leach, covered with black and white publics, we go on board of a boat of about ten or twelve tons, to be propelled partly by sail and partly by water. The mast leans so far forward that it seems about to full, but we find it was purposely so built, and the rope through a pulley manages to hoist and let down the sail. It is a rough boat, and as far as possible removed from a Venetian gondola or sportsman's yacht. With a common saw and hammer and ax many of you could make a better one. Four barefooted Arabs, instend of sitting down to their ours, stand, as they always do in rowing, and pull away from the shore. I insist on helping, for there is nothing more exhiberating to me than rowing. but I soon had enough of the clumsy oars, and the awkward attempt at wielding them

WHILE IN STANDING POSTURE. We put our overcoats and shawls on a small deck in the stern of the boat, the very kind of a deck where Christ lay on a fisherman's cont, when of old a tempest pounced upon the fishing smack of the affrighted disciples. Osprevs and wild duck and kinglishers fly overhead or dlp their wings luto the lake, mistaking it for a fragment of faiten sky. Can it be that those Bible stories about sudden storms on this lake are true? Is it posside that a sen of such seeming placid ty of temper could ever rise and race at the heavens? It does not seem as if this happy family of elements could have ever had a falling out and the water strike at the clouds and the clouds strike

Pull away, carsmen! On our right bank are the hot sulphur baths, so hot they are scalding, and the waters must cool off a long while before hand or foot can endure their temperature. Votcances have been boiling these waters for centuries. Four springs roll their resources into two great swimming reservoirs. King Herod there tried to bathe off the results of his excesses, and Pilny and Josephus describe the spurtings out of these volcanie heats, and Joshua and Moses knew about them, and this moment long lines of pligrims from all parts of the earth are waiting for their turn to

step into THE STEAMING RESTORATIVES. Let the bont, as far as possible, and not run aground, hug the western shore of the lake that we may see the city of Tiberias, once a great capital, of the architecture of which a few mosnics and fallen pilars and pedestals, and here and there a broken and shattered frieze remain, mightly suggestive of the time when Herod Autipas had a palace here and reigned with an opulence and pomp. and cruelty, and abomination that paralvzes the fingers of the historian when he comes to write it, and the fingers of the painter when he attempts to transfer it to canvas. I suppose he was one of the worst men that ever lived. And what a contrast of character comes at every moment to the thoughtful traveler

beach of this lake or sails as we now do

these waters.
Side by side are the two great charac ters of this lake region-Jesus and Herod Antipas. And did any age produce any such antipodes, any such antitheses, any such opposites? Kindness and cruelty, noliness and filth, generosity and mes ness, self-sacrifice and selfishness, the supernal and the infernal, midnoon and midnight. The father of this Herod Antipus was a genius at assussination. He could

MANUFACTURE MORE REASONS for putting people out of this life than any man in all history. He sends for Hyreanus to come from Babylon to Jerusalem to be made high priest and slays him. He has his brother-in-law, while in bathing with him, drowned by the king's attendants. He slays his Wife and his wife's mother, and two of his sons and his uncle, and filled a votume of atrocities, the last chapter of which was the massagere of all the babes at Bethlehem. With such a father as Herod the Great, you are not surprised that this Herod Antipas, whose palace stood on the banks of this lake we now While the Christ who walked yonder banks and sailed these waters was so good that almost every rood of this scenery is associated with some wise word or some kindly deed, and all literature, and all art, and all earth, and all heaven are put to the utmost effort in trying to express how grand and glorious and lovely he and is, and is to be. The Christly and Herodic characters as different as the two lakes we visit and not far apart, Gaillee and the Dead sea; the one flowerbanked and the other bituminous and blasted; the one hovered over by the mercy of Christ, the other blasted by the wrath of God; the one full of finny tribes sporting in the clear depths, the other forever lifeless; the waters of the one sweet and pleasant to taste, the other bitter and sharp and disgusting. Awful Dend sea!

GLORIOUS GENNESARET. We will not attempt to cross to the eas ern side of this lake, as I had thought to do, for those regions are inhabited by a thieving and murderous race, and one must go thoroughly armed and as I never shot anyone and have no ambition to be shot, I said: "Let us stay by the western shore." But we look over to the hills of Gadara, on the other side, down which 2000 swine after being possessed by the devil ran into the lake and bringing down on Christ for permitting it the wrath of all the stockraisers of that country, because of this ruining of the pork business. You see that Satan is a spirit of bad taste. Why did he not say: "Let me go into those birds, whole flocks of which fly over Galilee, '? No: that would have been too high. "Why not let me go into the sheep that wander over these hills?" No, that would have been too gentle. . Rather let me go into these swine. 1 want to be with the denizers of the mire. I want to associate with the inhabitants of the fith. Great is mud! I prefer bristles to wings. I would rather root wing.

Intidelity scoffs at the idea that those swine should have ron into the lake. But it was quite natural that under the beat and burning of that demoniac possession, they would start for the water TO GET COOLED OFF.

Would that all the swine thus possessed had plunged to the same drowning, for to this day the descendants of some of those porcine creatures retain the demons, and as the devils were cast out of man into them, they now afflict the human race with the devils of scrofula that comes from eating the unclean ment. The healthiest people on earth are the Israelites because they follow the bill of these waters, every kind of tree upon its fare which God in the book of Leviticus father, "When did the change for the gave to the human race, and our splenzone to those in the frigid, from the did French Doctor Pasteur, and our glorious German, Dr. Koch, may go on 'that is just the hour that Jesus said with their good work of killing parasites ships Josephus maneuvered on these in the human system; but until the world corrects its diet, and goes back to the Divine regulation at the beginning, the human race will continue to be possessed. of the devils of microbe and parisite. But I did not mean to cross over to the eastern side of Lake Galilee even in discussion.

Pullaway, ye Arab oarsmen! And we come along the shore near by which stand great precipices of brown and red and gray limestone crowned by basalt in the sides of which are vast caverns, sometimes the hiding place of bandirs, and sometimes the home of honest shepherds and sometimes the dwelling piace of pigeous, vultures and eagles. During one of Herod's wars his en-mies hid in these mountain caverns and the sides were too steep for Herod's army to deseend, and the attempt to climb in the face of armed men would have called down extermination. So Herod had great enges of wood, iron-bound, made and filled them with soldiers and let them down from the top of the precipices until they gave signal that they were LEVEL WITH THE CAVERNS.

and then from these eages they stepped out to the mouth of the caverus and having set enough grass and wood on fire to fill the caverns with smoke and strangulation, the hidden people would come forth to die; and if not coming forth voluntarily, Herod's men would pull them out with long fron hooks, and Josephus says that one father rather than submit to the attacking army, flung his wife and seven children down the precipice, and then leaped after them to his own denth.

Now, ye Arab carsman, row on with swifter stroke, for we want before noon to land at Capernaum, the three-years home of Jesus. But before arrival there we are to have a new experience. The lake that had been a smooth surface begins to break up into roughness. The air which all the morning made our sail almost useless, suddenly takes bold of our boat with a grip astonishing, and our poor craft begins to roll and pitch. and tumble, and in five minutes we pass from a calm to violence. The contour of this lake among the hills is an invitation to hurricanes. I used to wonder why it was that on so limited a sheet. of water a bestormed boat in Christ's time, did not put back to shore when a burricane was coming. I wonder no more. On that lake an atmospheric fury gives no warning, and the change w saw in five minutes made me feel that the boat in which Christ sailed may have been skillfully managed, when the tempest struck it, and the wild importunate ery went up-

"LORD SAVE US OR WE PERISH!" I had all along that morning been reading from the New Testament the story of occurrences on and around that lake. But our Bible was closed now, and it was as much as we could do to hold fust, and wish for the land. If the wind and the waves had continued to increase in violence the following fifteen minutes in the same ratio as in the first live, and we had been still at their mercy, our bones would have been bleaching in the bottom of lake Gennesaret instead of our being here to tell the story. But the same power that rescued the fishermen of old, to-day safely landed our party. What a Christ for I wely walked in, and there I saw a sight

rough weather! All the sailor boys ought to fly to Him as did those Galilean mariners. All you in the forecastle. and all you who run up and down the slippery ratlines, take to sea with you Him who with a quiet word sent the winds back through the mountain gorges. Some of you Jack Tars to whom these words will come need to "tack ship" and change your course if you are going to get neross the sea of life safely, and gain the heavenly harbor. Belay there. Ready about! Helm's a-lee! haul! You have too valuable a cargo on board to run into the Goodwins or the Skerries.

"Star of peace! beam o'er the billow. Bless the soul that sighs for thee; Bless the sallor's ionely pillow, Far, far at sea.

Here at Capernaum, the Arabs baving in their arms carried us ashore to the only place where our Lord ever had a pastorate, and we stepped amid the ruius of the church, where he preached again and again, and again, the synagogue, whose rich sculpturing lay there, not as when others see it in time covered with weeds, and loathsome with reptiles, but in that December weather completely uncovered to stone of that synagogue is the sculpturing of a pot of manna, an artistic commemoration of the time when the Israelites were fed by manna in the wilderness, and to which scripturing no doubt Carist pointed upward, while He was preaching that sermon on this very in which He said: "Not as spot. your fathers did eat manna and are dead; He that enteth forever, '' Wonderful Capernaum. Scene of more miracles than any place in all the earth! Blind eyes kindling with the morning. Withered arms made to pulsate. Lepers blooming into health. The dead girl reanimated.

These Arab tents which on this December day I and in Palestine, disappear and I see Capernaum as it was when Jesus was pastor of the church here. Look at that wealthy home, the architecture, the marble front, the upholstery, the slaves in uniform at the doorway. It is the residence of a courtier of Herod. probably Chuza by name, his wife Joanna, a Christian disciple. But something is the matter. The slaves are

IN GREAT EXCITEMENT and the courtier living there runs down the front steps and takes a horse and puts him at full run across the country. The boy of that nobleman is dying of typhoid fever. All the doctors have failed to give relief. But about five miles up the country, at Cana, there is a Divine Doctor, Jesus bytname, and the agonized father has gone for Him, and with what earnestness those can understand who have had a dying child in the house. This courtier cries to Christ:

"Come down ere my child die!" While the father is absent, and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the people watching the dying boy see a change in the countenance, and Joanna, the mother, on one side of his couch says: "Why, this darling is getting well; the fever is broken; see the perspiration on his forehead; did any of you give him any new kind of medicine?" 'No," is the answer. The boy turus on his pillow. his delirium gone, and asks for something to eat, and says: "Where's father?" Oh, he has gone up to Cana to get a young doctor of about thirty-one years of age. But no doctor is needed now in this house at Capernaum. The people look at the sun dial to find just what time of the day it is, and see it is just past noon, and I o'clock. Then they start out and meet the returning father, and as soon as they come within speaking distance they shout at the top of their voices: "Your boy is getting well." "Is it possible?" says the better take place?" "One o'clock," is the answer. "Why," says the courtier,

'THY SON LIVETH.' 1 O'CLOCK!" As they gather at the evening meal what gladness on all the countenances in that home at Capernaum! The mother, Joanna, has not had sleep for many nights and she now falls off into delightful slumber. The father, Chuza, the Herodian courtier, worn with anxiety as well as by the rapid journey to and from Cana, is soon in restful unconsciousness. Johnna was a Christian before, but I warrant she was more of a Christian afterward. Dil the father Chuza accept the Christ who had cured his boy? Is there in all the earth a parent so ungrateful for the convalescence or restoration of an imperilled child as not to go into a room and kneel down and make surrender to the almighty love that came to the rescue.

Do not mix up this case with the angry discussions about Christian science, but accept the doctrine, as old as the Bible, God does answer prayer for the sick. That Capernaum boy was not the only illustration of the fact that prayer is mightier than a typhoid fever. there is not a doctor of large practice but has come into the sick room of some honeless case and, in a cheerful manner, if he were a Christian, or with a bewildered manner if he were a sceptic, said: "Well, what have you been doing with this patient? What have you been giving him? The pulse is better. The crisis is past. After all, I think he will get well. " Prayer will yet be acknowledged in the world's materia medica, and the cry is just as appropriate now as when Chuza, the courtier from Capernaum, attered in Christ's hearing

"COME DOWN ERE MY CHILD DIE!" If the prayer be not answered in the way we wish, it is because God has something better for the child than earthly recovery, and there are thousands of men and women now alive in answer to fathers' and mothers' prayer, myself one of the multitude. For I have heard my parents tell how, when at three years of age, scarlet fever seemed to have done its full work on me, and the physicians had said there was no more use of their coming, and they had left a few simple directions to make the remaining hours peaceful, and according to the custom in those times in country places, the neighbors had already come made the shroud, the forlorn ense suddenly brightened and the prayer "Come down ere my child die!" was answered in a recovery that has not been followed by a moment's sickness from that time to this.

The mightlest agency in the universe is prayer, and it turns even the Almighty. It decides the destinies of indifamilies and nations. During our sad civil war a gentleman was a guest at the White House in Washington and he gives this incident. He says: had been spending three weeks at the White House with Mr. Lincoln as his guest. One night-it was just after the battle of Bull Run-I was restless and could not sleep. I was repeating the part which I was to take in a public performance. The hour was past midnight. Indeed, it was coming near to the dawn, when I heard low tones proceeding from s private room where the president slept. The door was partly open. I instinct-

which I shall never forget. It was the president

ENERLING REPORR AN OPEN BIBLE.

The light was turned low in the room His back was turned toward me; for a moment I was silent as I stood looking in amazement and wonder. Then he cried out in tones so pitiful and sorrowful: night when he prayed for wisdom, hear me! I cannot lead this people, I cannot guide the affairs of this nation without thy help. I am poor and weak and sinful. Oh God who didet hear Solomon when he cried for wisdom, hear me and save the nation!'' You see we don't need to go back to the Bible times for evidence that prayer is heard and answered.

But some one may say that Christ at Capernaum healed that courtier's child, vet he would not have done it for one in humble life. Why, in that very Capernaum He did the same thing for a dying slave belonging to the man who had made a present to the town of the church of which Jesus was pastor, the synagogue among whose rums I to-day leap from fragment to fragment. This was the cure of a Roman soldier's slave, whose our agitated and intense gaze. On one only acknowledged rights were the wishes of his owner. And none are now so enslaved or so humble or sick or so sinful but the all-sympathetic Christ is ready to help them, ready to cure them, ready to emancipate them. Hear it! Pardou for all. Mercy for all. Help for all. Comfort for all. Heaven for all. Oh, this Luke Galilee! What a refreshment for Christ it must have been after sympathizing with the sick, and raising the dead, and preaching to the multitudes all day long to come down on these banks in the night-time and feel the cool air of the sea on his hot face, and look up to the stars the light-d lamps around the heavenly palaces from which he had descended.

All heaven and earth were still: from the high of stars to the hilled take and mountain coast.
All heaven and earth were st.li-though not in But breatnless, as we grow when feeling most.

"But," says some one, "why was it that Christ coming to save the world should spend so much of his time on and sround so solitary a place as Lake Galiiee? There is only one city of any size on its beach, and both the western and eastern shores are a solitude, broken only by the sounds coming from the mud hovels of the degraded. Why did not Christ begin at Bubylon the mighty, at Athens the learned, at Cairo the historie, at Thebes the hundred-gated, at Rome the triumphant? If Christ was coing to save the world, why not go where the world's people dwell? Would a man, wishing to revolu-tionize for good the American continent, pass bis time amid the fishing buts on the shores of Newfoundland?" My Brown, friends, Galilee was the bub of the wheel, Brown, of civilization, and art, and the center theory. of a population that staggers realization. On the shore of the lake we suil to-day, stood nine cities-Scythopolis, Tarlehæ, Hippos, Gamala, Chorazin, Capernaum, Bethsuida, Magdala, Tiberias-and many villages the smallest of which had 15,000 inhabitants, according to Josephus, and reaching from the beach back into the country in all directions. Paluces, temples, coliseums, gymnaslums, amphithenters, towers, gardens terraced on the hillsides, fountains bewildering with sunlight, baths on whose mosale floors kings trod; while the lake from where the Jordan enters it to where the Jordan leaves it, was beautiful with all styles of shallon, or dreadful with all kinds of war galleon. Four thousand vessels, history says, were at one time upon these waters. Battles were fought there which shocked all nations with their consequences.

Here mingling blood with pure and sparkling In her last threes Judgea fought with Rome.

Upon those sea fights looked Vespasian, and Titus and Trajan, and whole empires. From one of these naval encounters so many of the dead floated to the beach, they could not soon enough be entombed, and a plague was threatened. Twelve hundred soldiers, escaping from these vessels of war, were one day massacred in the amphitheatre at Tiberias. For 800 years that almost continuous city encircling Lake Galilee was the metropolis of our planet. It was to the very heart of the world that Jesus came to soothe its sorrows, and pardon its sins, and heal its sick, and emancipate its enslaved and rennimate its dead.

And let the church and the world take the suggestion. While the solitary places are not to be neglected, we must strike for the great cities, if this world is ever to be taken for Christ. Evangelize all the earth except the cities, and in one year the cities would corrupt the earth. But bring the cities, and all the world will come. Bring Loudon and England will come. Bring Paris and France will come. Bring Berlin and Germany will come. Bring St. Petersburg and Russia will come. Bring Vienna and Austria will come. Bring Cuiro and Egypt will come. Bring the near 3,000 .-000 people in this cluster of cities on the Atlantic coast, and all America will soon see the salvation of God. Ministers of religion, let us intensify our evangelism Editors and publishers, purify your printing presses. Asylums of mercy enlarge your plans of endeavor. And instead of this absurd and belitting and wicked rivairy among our cities as to which happens to have the most men and women and children, not rentizing that the more useless and bad people a city has the worse it is off, and that a city which has 10,000 good people is more to be admired than a city with 100,000 bad people. LET US TAKE A MORAL CENSUS

and see how many good men and good women are leading forth how large a generation of good children who will consecrate themselves and consecrate the round world to holiness and to God. Oh, thou blessed Christ, who didst come to the mighty cities encircling lake Galllee! come in mercy to all our great cities

of to-day. Thou who didst put thy hand on the white mane of the fourning Lillows of Gennesaret, and make them He down at thy feet, bush all the raging passions of the world! Oh, thou blessed Christ, who on the night when the disciples wer trying to cross this lake and "the wind was contrary," after nine hours of rowing had made only three miles, didst come stepping on water that at the touch of thy foot hardened into crystal, meet all our shipping whether on placid or stormy seas, and say to all thy people now by whatever style of tempest-tossed or driven, as thou didst to the drenched disciples in the cyclone, "Be of good cheef. It is I. Be not afraid!"

Thank God that I have seen this lake of Christly memories, and I can say with Robert McChevne, the ascended minister of Scotland, who, seated on the banks of this lake, wrote in his last sick days, and just before he crossed the Jordan, not the Jordan that empties into Galilee, but the Jordan that empties into the "Sea of Glass mingled with fire;" these sweet words, fit to be played by human fingers on strung strings of earthly lute, or by

angelic fingers on seraphic harps,

It is not that the wild gazell
Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell,
Oft wandered by the side,
Graceful around thee the mountains meet, Thou calm, reposing sea;
But ah! far more, the beautiful fest
Of Jesus waiked o'er th o.
O Saviour! gone to God's right hand,
Yet the same Saviour still
Graved on thy heart is this lovely strand,
And every fragrant bill.

LIST OF LETTERS

Pemaining in the postoffice at Fort Worth, Tex., Monday, Dec. 1, 1849. Fo obtain any of these letters the applicant must call for "adver-tised letters" and rive the date of the list. Also, all letters advertised shall be charged with i cent in addition to the regular postage, to be recounted for as part of the postal revenue, a persection 550, page 545. United States posta les' List.
Lee, Lydin
Leach, Mrs Mattie J
Mullins, Josie
Muse, Genevare
Moore, Mrs J E
Moss, Flo ence
Mason, Mrs Allie
Mastin, Mrs Sue
Martin, Mrs Sue
Martin, Ida
Matley, Ars Suner
McMasters, Emma
McNahan, Mrs Elita
McDaniel, Mrs Lou
Nesolt, Minnie
Overall, Laura
Poscs, Mrs Emeline
Peck, Mrs Harriet J
Rubrecht, Mrs Amile
Rogers, M
Robinson, Mrs Buttie
Rearys, Mrs Rosie

Mrs B ttie G

Stewart, Mrs Mary Scribner, Modie Froutham, Mrs Martha

Williams, Mrs Hannah Williams, Mrs Fannie

Word, Pinkie Wood, Laura Harper

Serges, Annie Wal on, Mrs Abe Walver, Mrs Lizzie Wols, Fora Wenthers, Minnie

Wire Laura

Ladies' List. Bates, Mrs Sallie Bates, Mrs Sallie
Barton, Nora
Barrett, Hallio
Bellard, Mrs Sallie
Boicourt, Mattio
Bryant, Susie
Brown, Mav
Burnett, Roxey
Cain, Mrs RJ
Combell, May
Collins, Mrs Mary E
Cook, Mrs Fannie
D:wkins, Lorena
Daniel, Marie
Dale, Carrie Daniel, Marie
Dalle, Carrie
Duke, Mr. Ollie
D. k'on, Mary
Eaton, Bu an
Erwin, Eta. (2)
Fisher, Mrs Dollie
Foster, Mr. Elia A
Fugit, M E
Furguson, Belle
Gardner, Melinda
Gass, Maude
Griswell, Belle
Green, Clara Griswell, Belle Green, Clara Hatcher, Mrs Lucy Haw, Mrs Henderson, Mrs O Jackel, Mrs M Jackson, Jennie Johnsoe, Mr. Jennie Kennon, Cora Kenhan, Mrs Argie Gents' List.

Armstrong, O W Lane, Joe Lane, Joe Levis, Jas H Little, John Long, W C Love, W E Morris, Richard Moore, Henry Milter, C H Milter, C H Milter, Willie O Medlin, Wils Metrase, Wither Menifield, R I Mendays, L W Arrington, W L Alleu, R W Backburn, E F Briggs, it L. (2) Bacon, Olice G Bailentine, John H H

Medin, Wis Meinse, With Menifield, R I Mexdows, L W Mitchell, P D Marrin, D G Maran, Jas Madson, H W Maupin, W H Mckeye, A P Hacauley, C Mitchell, Newn Bateman, Frank Barrows, E W Biffle, Gile Boczer, W N Bergham, Billie Boldam, D s Macauley, C
Mitchell, Newman
Mic abe, Michael
Mc Cuy, W R
Mc Konkey, B F
McMillan, W
McGaughey, John
McCouly, Jap
McDowell (street com)
McLain, Bert
McLaughlin, W O
McLaughlin, W H
Nicholas, W G
Nurdy, Samuel
O'Neill, P P
Perill, W M
Pauley, M S
Pfuhl, H R
Piedzer, T J B adshaw, W B Brad ey, Lee H Brewer, Johnnie Breen, T A erson, E (contractor) Pottsneid, J. M (2) Peterson, Frank Pettis, W K P gu · W F Payne, J H Rogers, A Rob rison, Chas Robi ison, W H (2) Roberts I. K Robi ison, W. Roberts, L.K. Roberts, C
R u.e. Al
Reece, W G
Reeves, J L
Ready, David
Smart, C A
Stewart, A A
Steele, W T
Standifer, Walter
Strasner, Riley
Spran, J A
Smith, Y M
Smith, Y M
Smith, Garin

Fox. J P Fralid, R H (4) Fuller, R A Flushing, Robert Gamboa, Hilario Hail, Capt John Hancock, J H Hurstbur, W Higgins, J P Holender, TB Holland, Edgar Hanter, Joshus Hunter, W.a Inman.

Seeger. A Schoneld, J D Scrivner, Tanza Fanders, J T Tryon, R A To iver, J F Thempson, B M
Thempson, W D
Vaughn, Master M B
Wandy, Osciar
Warren, Bolin
Ward, A
Ward, James Henry
Weitv, G M
Witzer, Nick
Winn, W H
Williams, J M
Wilson, J A
Woods, Willie
Watte, J C
Wilkins, Henry
Foreign List.
Canady, James
Mirinno, Billy
Edwar
Edwar

Smith, Garun

Snyder, Frank J

Simpson, Willie Siphler, George

Slack, it Signor, G W

Smith, John (Loco Rug)

Anderson, CO Elmondson, MP Mayock, John McGee, Edward Shaw, Master Thomas Menblom, A Miscellaneous,

J W W M A D. 127 St Louis avenue
Tina, 110 W Hattie street
Morton & Wharton
Williams & Co. J E
Mrs. Belle M. Burchell, P. M.

A HINT TO THE WISE.

The Irish Nationalist Party Urged to Move On to Victory with the Great Common People of Fngland.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 29 .- Following is a copy of the resolutions passed at the Irish meeting to-night:

This meeting of citizens of Chicago greets and welcomes the envoys from the Irish parliamentary party, John Dillon, William O'Brien, T. P. O'Connor, Thomas P. Gill, Timothy Sullivan and Timothy Harrington, and recognizes in them faithful and zealous champions of the cause. Again we bid them sincere and hearty welcome. We pledge ourselves anew to the cause of home rule for the Irish people. Robbed of her legislative independence by force, fraud and corruption after a conquest the most brutal in all history, we denounce afresh the catalogue of wrongs and outrages that have followed in its train

While conscious that the cause of home rule is by no means dependent upon any individual, we should be untrue to our selves and to the justice of the cause did we fail to recognize the splendid services of Charles Stewart Parnell. The Irish people owe to him a debt of gratitude which can never be fully paid. When all seemed darkness and doubt he sounded the tocsin, which called into action an army of resolute and heroic men, who for more than ten long years have stood with absolute singleness of purpose, with unquestioned purity of motive and with a patriotic ferror almost without a parallel in the world's history. They won for the first time in the century the attention of England and the attention of the world. They went to fail, and behind the bars proved more potent than their jailers. In the crisis presented at this movement, it does

of the value ness Sore-Threat &c. It contains pleasant to the taste.

For Sale by all Drugelsts. Probottle. Ur. Schenek's Book on Co. and its Cure, mailed free, Address Dr. J. H. Schenck Son, Philadeles



Private Medical Aid THE OLD O A Keliable Board and desire person mr., etc.

116 N. 7th Street St. Lenis No.

not become us to dictate to the lrish penple as to their course. We recognize that they are upon the immediate hell of netion with infinitely better opportunities of forming judement, than surssented to us, as to the claim of Ireland's rights to home rule, and the presumed expucity of the people of Ireland for selt government. Hence to them and their nuthorized representatives we leave all questions of policy and leadership, promising lasting and hearty support to then judgment and choice. It is our earnest hope that with calmnes, forbearance and exceeding wistom they will so order the affair of the Irish parliamentary party as to silence all discord, and that band to hand with the great common people of Eng-land they may move on to the victory which assuredly awaits them in the int

The meeting was addressed by Mesers Dillon, O'Brien, O'Connor, Harrington, Sullivan and others.

## IRISH PATRIOTS.

The Gallant Fix Given an Overwhelmingh Fn husiastic Reception in theore-

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 29. - Chicago tonight might have been taken for an offshoot of the Emraid Isle, so great was the jam of the sons and daughters of Ireland who assembled to welcome the Irish parliamentary party to the city. There were Irish here, Irish there and lrish everywhere, and every mother son in the throng was carried away with enthusiasm for the cause which the vaitors represent. The main meeting was held in Buttery D armory, and long before the time set for speech making to begin, the hall was so crowded the door had to be closed, and the overflowed meeting opened the hall adjoining. long list of vice-presidents of the meeting, containing the names of Archbishot Feehan, Robert T. Lincoln, Bishot Spaulding and thirty other prominent Irish-Americans.

At 8:45 p. m., when battery D and the Second regiment armory were erowded as never b fore, probably 15. 000 to 20,000 people being congregated in and about the two balls, on motion from Melville F. Stone, chairman of the committee on arrangements, the gallant six mounted the steps, led by John Dillon. The instant the tall form came into view the audience broke mto a wild cheer, which was caught up again and ngain as O'Brien, Sullivan, T. P. O'Connor, Gill and Timothy Harrington were espied, following closely behind is

Bester's Weekly Cotton Statement. NEW ORLEANS, LA., Nov. 29,-Serrit-

the order named.

tary Hester's weekly New Orleans cotten exchange statement issued to-day shows for the first time this season is shorted? in the week's movement of cotton in sight compared with fast year. The total is 31,801 bairs less than last week, and 15,211 bales under this week last year. Northern spinners' takings are 23,219 bales short of last week, but 374 bales ahead of the corresponding seven days last season. Foreign exports have dropped 97,076 bales from last week and 97,833 bales under the same period last senson. The amount of crop brought into sight during the week ending last night was 346,897 bales against 3-2 bales for the corresponding seven dars last year, making the total thus far for the season to date 4,115,708 bales, against 3,783,805 bales, au increase over last year of 331,813 bales.

The movement since Sentember I shows receipts at all United States parts 3,172,797, aguinst 3,045,682 last yent. Overland across the Mississ pol. and Potomae rivers to Northern mills and Canada 405,455, against 321,735 Interior stocks in excess of these held at the close of the last commercial Fraf 375,278, agninst 253,052. Southern mill takings 185,178, against 165,935. For eign exports thus far for the season have been 2,113,166, against 2,061,622 1856 The year, an increase of 51,544 bules. total takings of American mills Narth and South thus far for the season bare been 10,219,645, against 827,597 last year. Stocks at suburb and lending Southern interior cities are now 93,23 bales larger than at this date last I'll including the stock left over at ports interior towns from the last crop. and number of bales brought into sight thus far from the present crop. Supply to date 4,187,551, against 3,847,263 for the same period hast year.